

The Emporia News.

VOL. 6--No. 21.

EMPORIA, KANSAS, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1863.

WHOLE No. 281.

C. V. ESKRIDGE,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Emporia, Kas.

A. P. GANDY,
REGISTER OF DEEDS,
FOR CHASE COUNTY, KANSAS.

WILL ATTEND TO PAYING TAXES
for non-residents. Post Office address,
COTTONWOOD FALLS, CHASE COUNTY, KAN.
219-31

J. A. MOORE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
EMPORIA, KANSAS. 152m6

PLUMB & WILSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
And Notaries Public,
EMPORIA, KANSAS.

Office under Masonic Hall, Commercial st.

A. T. WINCHELL,
AGENT,
DEALER IN

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS,
TOBACCO.

And a general assortment of
Family Groceries, &c.
Orders filled at St. Louis Prices, freight added
December 7, 1861-1y.

JNO. T. COX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,

GENERAL LAND AGENT,
Ottumwa, Coffey County,
184-1y KANSAS.

DRAKE BROTHERS,
STATIONERY,
SCHOOL BOOKS,

PRINTING AND WRAPPING PAPER,
No. 67 Delaware Street,
234-59 LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

JOHN F. RICHARDS,
Dealer in

HARDWARE
IRON, NAILS, CASTINGS, CIRCULAR MILL
SAWS.

Rubber Belting, Plows, &c.
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LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.
Nov. 30, 1861-1y.

WILLIAM A. ROSE,
Dealer in

Books and Stationery,
GILT MOULDINGS,
No. 45, Delaware Street,
LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.
November 30, 1861-1y.

B. FLESHER,
Dealer in

FANCY AND STAPLE
DRY GOODS,
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS, PRESS
TRIMMINGS, LADIES' SHOES,
LEAVENWORTH,

No. 46, Delaware street, between Second & Third

F. G. HUNT,
REGISTER OF DEEDS,
Emporia, Lyon County, Kansas.

WILL attend to the payment of taxes for non-
residents. Will furnish Blanks, and make
out and take acknowledgment of Deeds.
January 18, 1862. 223

R. L. FRAZER,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
DEALER in Watches, Clocks, Fine Jewelry,
Silver and Plated Ware, Revolvers, Fancy
Goods, and Yankee Notions, Eldridge House
Lawrence, Kansas. 57

W. E. SUTLIFF & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CLOTHS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, &c. &c.,
ELDRIDGE HOUSE, MARSHALLS ST.,
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

E. BORTON,
Clerk of Lyon (late Breckinridge) County,
EMPORIA, KANSAS.

Will attend to paying taxes, redeeming lands
and town lots sold for taxes.
Post Office address, EMPORIA, KANSAS.
Office No. 189 Commercial st., one door
North of Post Office, up stairs. 2184f

JOHN J. INGALLS,
Attorney at Law,
AND
Notary Public.

ATCHISON, KANSAS

JOHN HAMMOND,
Carpenter and Joiner,
EMPORIA, KANSAS.

JOHNSON, Panel Doors, Window and Door
frames, and other job work, done in the best
style, on the shortest notice. may7-1f

JAMES MEANS,
Stone Mason, Bricklayer and Plasterer,
[S ready to take contracts for any work in his
line. BUILDING STONE AND PLASTER-
ING HAIR for sale. August 3, 1861 202

AN APPRENTICE WANTED, to learn
the Mason's trade. Apply soon.
March 7th, 1863.

J. R. SWALLOW,
(County Treasurer),
Emporia, Lyon County, Kansas,
Will buy and sell Real Estate, locate Land
Warrants, and pay Taxes for parties desir-
ing it, in any county south of the Kaw river.
January 25, 1862. 224

SENATORIAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

The Thirty-Seventh Congress is drawing near its close. The Senate is in earnest debate this morning on the bill for the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus. Senator Richardson, of Illinois, is speaking. He is vehement against arbitrary military arrests. Near him, listening, sits Senator Latham, of California,—a full-faced, full-bearded, youthful looking man, southern in style and manners; a conservative, speaking seldom; but with marked ability when he does speak. Behind him sits Senator Willey of Virginia, a tall, fine spectacle specimen of the old Virginia gentleman, who looks as if he might have just stepped down from the picture frame of the "Signers of the Declaration of Independence,"—not forgetting in the meantime to put on a modern coat. Before him sits Carlile, a short, stout, broad-faced man, brimful of the pride and prejudice, if not of the narrowness, of a modern Virginian, who, when he speaks, berates the administration most vociferously. Near by is Senator Sherman, of Ohio, a conservative Republican, the fine balance of whose mind is a guarantee against extremes in any direction. Clearness of perception, and mildness of disposition, are the most striking characteristics of his expression. He is a tall, scholarly-looking gentleman, young, amid the gray-heads around him, and marked for the quiet elegance of his manners. Behind him sits Powell, of Kentucky; a large, bluff, sandy-haired, sanguine-faced man. You may be sure that Mr. Powell is doing one of three things: He is rolling tobacco in his mouth, and spitting on the floor; or munching an apple, or throwing up his arms, denouncing the Government, and shouting for peace commissioners to be sent to Jeff. Davis. Beside him sits a man strangely opposite, Senator Lane, of Indiana, a tall, slender man, whose exhaustive nervous temperament has left him no flesh to spare; a man esteemed for his powers, for the largeness of his patriotism, and the humanity of his heart. Pacing up and down at a furious rate is Saulsbury, of Delaware, large, powerful in frame, with scowling black eyes, and an exuberance of black locks, in temper and temperament a true Southerner. He looks like a chained mastiff, running up and down, stopping every few moments to scowl and hurl defiant looks upon his tormentors. He seems to me a masculine Nemesis, impatient for his day of vengeance. Yet those who know him say that, in better moods, he is a genial, fine-spirited man. Stretched out on the sofa against the wall, is Gen. Jim Lane, of Kansas. He is a long, cely-shaped man, with not an especially open countenance. He walks with a careless, loose-hung look, as if it would not be difficult for him to drop to pieces. His necktie is usually askew, and his hands very often in his pockets. He may be a valiant general, but he gives one the impression of being a slightly lazy Senator. On the right side of the door sits Senator Dox, of Wisconsin, a middle-aged man, with locks and beard shaggy as his own northwestern pines. He is a man of keen perception, of clear, strong, earnest convictions, unsweaving in principle, deep in feeling. He has a rich, sonorous voice, and is an emphatic speaker. He has one young son in the army; another fell a sacrifice to the country last autumn. I shall never forget the tone in which he said, "We can afford to give the lives of our sons, if we can save our Government." Opposite him sits Senator Harris, of New York, a man whose majestic form and manly might well baffle a Roman toga. His manner is at once courtly and gracious, bland even in its kindness. When he rises to speak, his slow, distinct enunciation, the deep music of his voice, and his calm, misanthropic periods arrest and fascinate the attention, even in those progressives who believe that Senator Harris, like his favorite General, is altogether too slow for the present state of affairs. Across the aisle is a noble trio: Senators Collamer and Foote, of Vermont, and Senator Fessenden, of Maine. It would be impossible to find two grander Representatives of honorable age, than we see in the Senators from Vermont. Judge Collamer, it is impossible to hear from the galleries, which is the greatest of all compliments, for the Senate does not always exert itself to use its ears; but it pays due respect to an oracle on all points touching the "judiciary." Senator Foote carries his seventy years with unbent shoulders and an unwrinkled face. His hair is perfectly white, his head massive, his features finely cut, his piercing eyes undimmed, his smile full of sweetness. He is the most prominent of Senators, and as President pro tem he presides with unsurpassable dignity; the slightest buzz bringing down the ivory mallet, with promptest action, and the stentorian voice calling the Senators to their seats like so many school boys. Mr. Fessenden is perhaps the most powerful debater in the Senate. He is somewhat irritable and sarcastic, always keen, the edge of his argument cutting deeper than he knows. He has a patrician head; one has only to look at the brow to know that it must be a controlling force wherever it is seen. Senator Morrill, his colleague, has a face as serenely smiling as his is severe; he has clear, far-gazing, blue eyes, which seem to have caught a vision of the future, yet to be quickly alive to all the concerns of the present. He is a man of learning, and of the most comprehensive views, exerting a powerful influence in this august body. Senator Clarke, of New Hampshire, tall, easy, elegant in his bearing, with a strong face, deeply lined, seems like a Boston lawyer. A man of the deepest convictions, the most uncompromising principles, he never betrays the one, nor is false to the other, and on no one does the burden of our national sorrow seem to lie with a heavier weight. Here behind an avalanche of papers sits Garrett,

Davis, of Kentucky, a little garrulous old man, who spends the greater portion of each session in jumping up to defend his own personal dignity. Whenever a clever thing is said to him, he loses his temper, and attempts to say something intensely sarcastic which is only intensely ill-natured. He has no love for Massachusetts, detests abolitionists, speaks of a slave precisely as he does of a horse, professes to be a disciple of Henry Clay, and is without doubt heartily, truly devoted to the "Union as it was." In striking contrast with this irascible little gentleman, is Senator Harlan, of Iowa, a kind, calm man, in seeming, with a clear pure face, looking as if he could not be ill-natured, if he tried. An utter lack of pretension marks the bearing of this gentleman. He evidently spends very little time studying the perfection of Senator Harlan. If his face tells the truth, he does the work of life quietly and faithfully, because it is the work given him to do, without blowing a trumpet to tell how well he has done it. The struggling, the needy, the sorrowful, would instinctively know him as a friend.

Here at last is Massachusetts, seated in two chairs. I can't help what you think, Republican, I don't believe that Massachusetts will ever send a more perfect embodiment of herself combined in two men than is found in these two chairs to-day. Here all the qualities that I ever discovered in the dear old commonwealth—her esthetic taste, her finished culture, her proclivity for theories more or less impracticable, her capacity for work, her inexhaustible energy, her exquisite self-consciousness, her harmless egotism, her unoffending self-praise, her generous praise of others, her power and prestige—all are in one or the other of these chairs. It is superfluous that I should tell you again that Charles Sumner's head is Grecian; that Mr. Wilson has a strong, earnest face. Of course Massachusetts knows her Senators look. But you may not know that in the Senate Chamber, Mr. Wilson is usually doing one of three things: rushing out to attend to the lobbyist, writing as if for life, or dealing some very vigorous thrusts at the troublesome gentlemen from the border States. There is no greater worker in the Senate than Senator Wilson. He is true and earnest, and whatever may be thought of his measures, no one can doubt the sincerity of his convictions. Mr. Sumner likewise is always busy, either reading his enormous mail, writing, or leaning back to give a spasmodic brush to an audacious note which has been so presumptuous as to alight on his fastidious coat sleeve. Mr. Sumner has always been true to himself, true to his ideas, true to his constituents, and embodies as perfectly as any man can, one phase of Massachusetts, while Senator W. as perfectly embodies the other.—*Cr. of Mary Clement Ames, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

THE YANKEE.

There lies, between the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean, a little gore of land, a few hundred miles wide and long, which seems to have been made up of the fragments and leavings, after the rest of the continent was made. Its ribs stick out beyond all covering; it has sand enough to scour all creation; there are no large rivers, but there are many nimble little ones, that seem to have been busy since the Flood, in taking exercise over the rifts and rocks. Its indigenous productions are ice, Indians, and trees. Its wild fruits are whortleberries and chestnuts. About the time that this part of the continent was first explored, a great plague had swept off a large portion of its Indians. Trading and commercial adventurers had endeavored to effect a settlement in vain. The place seemed too hard for Indians and roving traders. This tongue of land was set apart, apparently, for a wilderness, and it had peculiar aptitudes for keeping men away from it. Its summers were short, its winters long, its rocks innumerable, its soil thin. Bounded to the north by hyperborean cold, to the east by endless forests, to the south by the ocean; only to the west was there an opening thro' which the people could make their way out, should there ever be a population. To settle this cold, sterile, and somber corner of the creation, a race of men was raised up called the Puritans. Naturalists tell us that every plant has its insect; and every animal its parasite; so there must be some sort of animal adapted to live on these shores, and that animal was the Puritan. The Puritan was not described by Cuvier, or by any naturalist. None of the modern ethnographers have given attention to this class of beings. They have been described in popular literature and in newspapers; and if we may not believe them what shall we believe?

Taking our idea from political speeches and newspapers, the Puritan was a hard, tough, gaunt creature, utterly devoid of taste and of the finer affections, but excessively endowed with a holy combativeness. He was always to be seen with his eyes earthward, and a sanctimonious frown; whenever they were lifted it was to find fault, or money, as the case might be. He is supposed to regard all men as wrong but himself; his vocation is to put all things right. Therefore he is the moral tinker of the universe, and is for mending ribs in morals, and putting patches upon conduct generally, making up the deficiencies he detects in providence and creation. Like the sea bird, he is ever on the wing, and never better pleased than in a storm. This character infests the whole Western continent, and causes more disputes, controversies, and excitements than all the rest of the population put together. No other personage could have lived in New England, and nothing else could live there if he did. He was tougher than the stone, drier than the sand, more obstinate than the seasons, and indeed, some naturalists tell us since the Puritans settled in

New England its climate has grown much milder; even New England winters could not stand the eternal fault-finding of the Puritans.

As long as this controversy between nature and the Puritan was confined to New England, men were patient. But within a hundred years we have seen great mischiefs introduced upon the rest of the continent. There is the Hessian fly, that has robbed millions on millions of dollars from the wheat; there are weevils, and blights, and the curculio on trees; and then we have the Canada thistle, the very Yankee of botany—sharp, hungry, and prolific with a million of seeds, and every seed sure to sprout, growing ten times as fast when you cut it up by the roots as when you let it alone. Among all these, none have been so much deplored as the spread of the Yankee. He is the plague of the continent; goes everywhere; engages in everything; is always and everywhere the same disputing, meddling, reforming character he was in England, is in New England, and seems likely to be till the end of the world. Agitator in politics, disputant in theology, fault-finder in morals, prying up peaceful citizens' houses to see if the underpinning is safe; the vender of gimcracks to every housekeeper, he has always some new way of grinding, or screwing, or twisting, or rolling, or churning, or knitting, or plowing, to show. His plows and washing-machines would build the Chinese wall. The Puritan Yankee has at last exhausted the patience of the saints of the plantations, and they have determined to "hunt him home to his den," and shut him up there all by himself. We would suggest, therefore, that all the Yankee inventions be collected, and a wall be built of the carts, plows, reapers, churns, sewing-machines, clocks, stoves, and all the contrivances which the indefatigable Yankee has invented; and that all the Yankee books, spelling-books, reading-books, histories, geographies, theological books, be piled upon the top of these, and that it be rendered lawful to shoot any Yankee who attempts to scale the wall; and then it may be hoped that, left to feed upon these, they may become refined beyond the body, and peradventure the whole stock may rise some windy day in blessed translation and leave the world in peace, to shudder at nothing any more, except the remembrance of the horrid Yankees.—*H. W. Beecher.*

A STRIKING PICTURE.

A scene at the White House in 1833, at the lodgings of John C. Calhoun the same night, and a death-bed scene at the Hermitage, are thus graphically portrayed by the Senator from Pennsylvania, Mr. Cowan, in the debate on the Commutation bill.

Mr. President, if Calhoun had been executed for his treason in 1833, there would have been no rebellion now; and perhaps he can't nearer his execution than most people are a rare.

You know the conspirators in South Carolina, receded then, even to the commission of the overt act. Calhoun was their chief adviser. General Jackson knew it well, and determined that the law should be put into execution against him; not against the poor misguided men who followed, but against the chief conspirator. He had resolved on his prosecution and trial, and, if convicted, his execution for treason. He said that if he had an Attorney General that would not draw an indictment, he would find one that would.

Things were approaching the crisis. Calhoun became aware of Jackson's determination, and sent Leitcher, of Kentucky, to confer with him on the subject, and to learn his real intentions. He went to the President's house. It was then already late at night. The President received him with his usual courtesy; but, sir, that mild blue eye which at times would fill and overflow with tears like that of a woman, was kindled up that night with unwonted fire. He reasoned with him for a while, then paced the floor. His indignation became fully aroused. At times he stormed in passion towering and sublime, till, rising to his full height, his frame dilating and quivering, every feature glowing with the living fire within—with that oath which in him never seemed profane, but the struggle of a great soul to take hold on the Almighty for the strength of his purpose, he declared to Leitcher that if another step was taken, by the Eternal, he would try Calhoun for treason, and, if convicted, hang him on a gallows high as Haman's. Leitcher could not misunderstand his purpose. He saw that he was terribly in earnest. From that interview he hastened to the lodgings of Calhoun. He knocked at his bed chamber, and was admitted. Calhoun received him sitting up in his bed with his cloak around him. Leitcher detailed all that had occurred, giving entire the conversation between him and General Jackson, and describing the old hero as he took that oath. There sat Calhoun, drinking eagerly every word, and as Leitcher proceeded he became pale as death, and shivered like an aspen leaf. Yes, sir, Calhoun, great as he was in intellect, quaking in his bed! And for what? Was it from fear? From cowardice? No, no! It was the consciousness of his guilt. He was the arch-traitor who, like Satan in Paradise, "brought death into the world, and all our woe." Within one week he came into the Senate, and voted for every section, section by section, of Mr. Clay's bill, and General Jackson was prevailed upon not to prosecute him for his crime.

I have been told, on authority upon which I rely, that during the last days of General Jackson at the Hermitage, as he was slowly sinking under the ravages of consumption—that mysterious disease which, while it wastes the body, leaves, if possible, the mind more clear and more near to inspiration—he had a most remarkable conversation with his family physician and friend. While lying upon his bed one day, and speaking of his past administration, he inquired: "What act in my administration, in your opinion, will posterity condemn with the greatest severity?" The physician replied that he was unable to answer; it might be the removal of the deposits. "Oh, no," said the General. "Then it may be the specie circular." "No, not at all." "Then what is it?" "I can tell you," said he, rising in his bed, his eye kindling up. "I can tell you; posterity will condemn me more because I was persuaded not to try and hang John C. Calhoun as a traitor, than for any other act of my life."

Sir, does not this seem to be inspiration now? If Calhoun, the originator of the conspiracy to dissolve the Union and build up the Southern Confederacy, had been executed for his treason then, we should have had no rebellion now.

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[From the N. Y. Independent.
THE DRUMMER-BOY OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

BY GEORGE W. BUSGAT.

Recently, a bright boy, with dark eyes and ruddy cheeks, came to my desk and gave me a brief history of his adventures at the battle of Fredericksburg. He was neatly dressed in a military suit of gray cloth, and carried in his hands a pair of drumsticks—his drum was destroyed by the fragment of a shell immediately after his landing on the river bank, in that hurricane of sulphury fire and iron hail on the 12th of last December.

The reader will distinctly remember that for several days a curtain of thick fog rose up from the waters of the Rappahannock, completely hiding from view the artillery that crowded the sheltering ravines; but the preparation for the great fight, so hopefully commenced, was continued amid the thunder of cannon and the volcanic eruptions of exploding batteries.

The hazardous work of laying the pontoon bridges was frequently interrupted by the murderous fire of rebel sharpshooters, concealed in the stores and dwelling-houses on the bank of the river. To dislodge these men, and drive them out of their hiding-places, seemed an impossible task. At a given signal, our batteries opened with a terrific fire upon the city, crashing through the walls of houses and public buildings, not sparing even the churches in which treason had been taught, as paramount to Christianity. In this storm of shot and shell, which plowed the streets and set the buildings on fire, the sharpshooters survived, like salamanders in the flames, and continued to pour a deadly fire upon our engineers and bridge-builders.

In this dilemma, it became evident that the bridges could not be laid except by a bold dash. Volunteers were called for, to cross in small boats; forthwith, hundreds stepped forward and offered their services. One hundred men were chosen, and at once started for the boats. Robert Henry Henderson, the hero of our sketch, was then a member of the 8th Michigan—noting as a drummer. Seeing a part of the 7th Michigan preparing to cross the river, he ran ahead, and leaped into the boat. One of the officers ordered him out, saying he would be shot. The boy replied that he didn't care—he was willing to die for his country. When he (the boy) found that the captain would not permit him to remain in the boat, he begged the privilege of pushing the boat off, and the request was granted. Whereupon, instead of remaining on shore, he clung to the stern of the boat, and, submerged to the waist in water, he crossed the Rappahannock. Soon as he landed, a fragment of a shell struck his old drum, and knocked it to pieces. Picking up a musket, he went in search of rebel relics, and obtained a scabbard, a clock, a knife, and a bone ring. On opening a back door in one of the rebel houses, he found a rebel wounded in the hand, and ordered him to surrender. He did so, and was taken by the boy-soldier to the 7th Michigan. When the drummer-boy recrossed the river from Fredericksburg, Gen. Burnside said to him, in the presence of the army: "Boy, I glory in your spunk; if you keep on this way a few more years, you will be in my place."

Robert is a native of New York, but moved with his parents to Michigan when he was an infant. His father died ten or twelve years ago, leaving his mother in destitute circumstances, and with a family of four children to support and educate. Some fifteen months ago, "our drummer-boy" went from Jackson (Michigan) to Detroit, with Capt. C. V. Deland, in the capacity of waiter in the 9th Michigan. With that regiment he went to Louisville, West Point, Ky., and Elizabethtown, Ky.—at the last-named place he was appointed drummer-boy. Since that time he has been in six battles, as follows: Lebanon, Murfreesboro, Chattanooga, Shelbyville, McMinnville and Fredericksburg. At the battle of Murfreesboro, where the Union forces were taken by surprise before daylight in the morning, after beating the long roll, and pulling the fife out of bed to assist him, he threw aside his drum, and seizing a gun, fired sixteen rounds at the enemy from the window of the court house, in which his regiment was quartered; but our men were compelled to surrender, and they were all taken prisoners, but were immediately paroled, and afterwards sent to Camp Chase, Ohio.

Soon as the news came from the Rappahannock that Robert had lost his drum in that terrible tempest of fire and iron, the Tribune Association promised to make good his loss, and give him a new drum. His mission here at the present time is twofold—to receive his present of the new drum, and to find employment (he having left the army in consequence of ill-health). This brave boy is scarcely fourteen years of age.

AGRICULTURAL.

Sugar and Syrup.

We trust that the farmers are not neglecting, in the cotton and tobacco excitement, the sorghum and imphee cane crop this spring. It will be a good thing for the cultivators of the soil in Kansas to raise enough cotton and flax to clothe the little and big people of the State, or what is the same thing, raise enough to sell to pay for what clothes the people require.

But it is something equally to be desired that they raise the cane and manufacture the sugar and molasses necessary to supply the home demand.

We have not the slightest doubt that this latter thing can be done.

Our readers know well what we think of the climate and soil of Kansas. If sugar can be made anywhere else in the United States out of the juice of the sorghum and imphee cane, it can be here out of it. They did make it largely last year in Ohio and Illinois.

This year the farmers are intending to do a large business at it in some parts of both of those States. They will reap deservedly large gains.

We hope many of our farmers, who have been raising the crop, and experimenting in the manufacture of the syrup, have reached something satisfactory in their efforts to granulate it.

There has been much more information of a practical and tangible nature elicited in the various conventions of the sorghum growers held in the States named, the last winter, than ever before. We feel quite well satisfied that, if those of our farmers who have really interested themselves in sorghum growing, have read and properly digested the full histories of last season's successes in Ohio and Illinois, we may, another year, sweeten our coffee and bread with home-made sugar.

When that object is once attained, there is no longer doubt as to the great profit there is in the crop.

The next thing in order, after it is demonstrated that the farmers intend to make the sorghum crop a principal one, is a refinery.

That will grow up here some day before we know it. There is great profit in the business of refining syrups and sugars, and there will be no trouble in getting that kind of a manufactory started here after the farmers settle the question of steady and permanent business for it.

The syrup and sugar refiners know, instantaneously, where they can invest so as to turn their "honest penny."—*Kansas State Journal.*

A Mess of Greens.

Most people highly enjoy a dish of greens. It is the first contribution of the season which the garden makes to the table, and it brings the assurance that spring is at hand, and is a promise of more good things to come. Many persons rely upon the spontaneous growth of the fields, and make use of dandelions, marsh marigolds (improperly called cowslip), dock and other things. These are better than nothing, but they are far inferior to what may be produced with a little care from the garden.

At the head of the list we put Spinach, as the most delicious of all. This can be had very early by planting in the fall, and giving a slight protection through the winter. Or sow in the spring as soon as the ground is suitable, and the rapidly growing plants will give an early supply to the table.

Next, we place the Swiss Chard, a kind of beet, which is grown for the leaves only, the root being small and useless. The outer leaves are pulled off for use, and others quickly succeed them; a small bed will supply a family.

Cabbage stumps, and turnips planted out, will yield numerous shoots which make good greens. They should be taken when still tender. Young beets, which are pulled up when the beds are thinned, are cooked with the roots on and are relished by many.

Borecole, or kale, is a great favorite with the Germans. This is a hardy kind of cabbage, which does not head, but forms a tuft of leaves, which are eaten after they have been exposed to frost. Planted in the fall, and left out with little or no protection, it furnishes an abundant stock of greens early in the season.

These are the principal varieties of greens grown in the garden, though others are occasionally used. The custom of boiling greens with pork or other fat meat is a bad one. The delicate flavor of spinach, especially, is destroyed in this way, and all greens are rendered less digestible. It is much better to boil them in pure water, and dress them with butter and other seasonings as they are sent to the table.—*American Agriculturist.*

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.—The wind which comes over to us from America have at all times held in their loftiest currents, and carried over to us that remarkable dust which they sweep up from the summit of the Andes, or from the arid pampas of South America. This dust has been deposited on the north coast of Africa, on the Pyrenees, and even on the snow-fields of our Alps; and in it, in our days, a German natural philosopher found atoms of American soil, of Brazilian rocks, and thousands of the small light bodies of microscopic animals from the banks of the Orinoco.

An exchange says: Somehow, editors can never be favorites. When there is anything "up," they can be tolerated; but when there is anything "down," woful prayers are offered up for their absence. A country girl was split from a wagon at Columbus, Ohio, and had all her finery mused and dirtied, and lay for some time insensible. Her first tremulous exclamation on recovering was: "I hope there are not editors in sight!"